



# Slipping



 23  0  2

## Chapter 1 by Spencer

I walk through a massive savanna. Warm wind hits my face and trees sway. My friends are here. I haven't eaten in days, but nothing seems wrong. Lions walk up to me, and I pet them, speak to them, as if they are my closest friends.

And I wake up.

Now, I'm on a black, hard bed. Metal bars arranged into a shell shape stick up on either side of me. They seem as if they would fit together perfectly, if they moved together above me. A black object is above me, but it's blurry, out of focus.

"Your vision and memory should be back shortly," an expressionless female voice interjects. The black object comes into focus, slowly. I recognize the shape: my machine. My machine? Yes, that seems to mean something. What small fragments of memory I have tell me that I built the thing I call, "the machine." I don't think I have a name for it yet, as far as I can tell.

"Ow!" I say, as all of the things I lost came back. The voice was my robot. The shell is my creation. The machine is my life. I spent my life making the three. I sacrificed everything for the machine.

It gives me anything I want. And I need the machine.

See more of Story Wars

"How long was I asleep this time?"

Login

or

Create new account

"A few weeks," my robot replied, looking at me with its cold, mechanical eyes.

I roll my eyes. That robot is just like the rest of reality: boring, same, pointless. At this point, I'm not the only human to think this. In fact, we all do. We all have machines. We all have robots. The only different part of life for human kind was in the machines.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account